AN EPITAPH VPON

the death of the Right worthy and VVorſh: Gent. S: *Edward Stanhope* Knight deceaſed: *and whilſt that he liued, Doctor of the Ciuill Law, & one of the Maiſters of his Maieſties high* Court of Chauncery: Vicar generall of England: Chauncellor of London: & one of the Maiſters of *the fine office, &c. Who continued Chauncellor of London, in the time of fiue Biſhops, and three of Canterbury, for* the ſpace of thirty yeares or thereabouts: Who deceaſed the 16. day of March. An. Dom. 1607.

THe time and deſtinie weare ſet at ſtrife,
Honor and Vertue vvas their mutuall claime,
Fate at the death, the ſeaſon at the life,
Of worthy *Stanhope*, equally did aime,
Death did the ambage of the cauſe decide,
Whoſe cenſure both are willing to abide.

Strong was the plea of changles deſteny,
Quoth ſhe, *I* pleade the cauſe of humane Fate,
Where does he liue that is not borne to die,
From the Throan de pallace to the beggars ſtate.
And to corrupt this vmpire this d'd day,
Thou ſhalt haue ſhare to giue his life away.

The time abuſde hart ſicke for Reformation,
Pleaded her wronges, oh plea too truly juſt:
Crauing to haue the *Cato* of our Nation,
Not reſt the manage of his worthy truſt.
Death bribde by fate, gaue ſentence her offence
And ſo expirde the life of equitie.

VVhome Time with teares, thus direfully bemones,
Oh ſonne of Iuſtice dropt from heauen hye:
The ſhape of honor ſhrowded with thy bones,
Concealed from the world in Earth muſt lye.
And the poore wronged wretch that craues redreſſe,
Muſt careles languiſh in his deepe diſtreſſe.

Reuerend and graue rich mine of perfect merit,
As in diſcent ſo in his vertues great,
Religious in his life, his Clemencie,
A patterne abſolute of high Eſtate,
Stanhope in death will teach to all that liue,
VVhat right to wrong, what paine to ſinne to giue

VVhere now ſhall learning boaſt of her perfection,
VVhere Iuſtice vouch her ſelfe ſincerely right
How ſhall the poore man get a ſafe protection?
Gainſt powerfull wrong or fell oppreſſions ſpight,
Stanhope is dead, wherein our hope did ſtand,
Why ſhould our hopes be built vpon the ſand.

VVho ſhall the perfect linguiſht be eſteemed?
Or who the ſtates man, whom the Lawier called?
Who the Apollo of our Age deemed?
Since he is dead, in whom there was enſtalled.
A Linguiſts tongue, ſtates policy, and wit,
That might the Apollo of the world befit.

Such was his life, and ſuch his induſtry,
As not his tides him, but them he graced:
Encouraging the good to piety,
VVhen they beheld the ill by him defaced.
Ouer his toumbe, Ile carue this *Paragraphe*,
His Vertues ſhall out-liue his Epitaphe,

Eſt labor in minimis ſit voluiſſe ſatis:

Pie ſato Caleb funxit: 16 die Martii. a verbo incarnati. Anno 1607.

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